

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brash American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scored by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weakness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roasting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"How wide is it?" inquired Winthrop, gazing at his swollen hands. "About 300 yards at high tide. May be narrower at ebb." "Could you not build a raft?" suggested Miss Leslie. Blake smiled at her simplicity. "Why not a boat? We've got a penknife." "Well, then, I can swim." "Bully for you! Guess, though, we'll try something else. The river is chuck full of alligators. What you waiting for, Pat? We haven't got all day to fool around here."

Winthrop twisted the creeper about his leg and slid to the ground, doing all he could to favor his hands. He found that he could walk without pain, and at once stepped over beside Blake's club, glancing nervously around at the jungle.

Blake jerked up the end of the creeper, and passed the loop about Miss Leslie. Before she had time to become frightened he swung her over and lowered her to the ground lightly as a feather. He followed, hand under hand, and stood for a moment beside her, staring at the dew-dripping foliage of the jungle. Then the remains of the night's quarry caught his eye, and he walked over to examine them. "Say, Pat," he called, "these don't look like deer bones. I'd say—yes; there's the feet—it's a pig."

"Any tusks?" demanded Winthrop. Miss Leslie looked away. A heap of bones, however cleanly gnawed, is not a pleasant sight. The skull of the animal seemed to be missing; but Blake stumbled upon it in a tuft of grass and kicked it out upon the open ground. Every shred of hide and gristle had been gnawed from it by the jackals; yet if there had been any doubt as to the creature's identity there was evidence to spare in the savage tusks which projected from the jaws.

"Je-rusalem!" observed Blake; "this old bear must have been something of a scrapper his own self." "In India they have been known to kill a tiger. Can you knock out the tusks?"

"What for?" "Well, you said we had nothing for arrow points—"

"Good boy! We'll cinch them and ask questions later."

A few blows with the club loosened the tusks. Blake handed them over to Winthrop, together with the whisky flask, and led the way to the half-broken path through the thicket. A free use of his club made the path a little more worthy of the name, and as there was less need of haste than on the previous evening, Winthrop and Miss Leslie came through with only a few fresh scratches. Once on open ground again, they soon gained the fallen palms.

At a word from Blake, Miss Leslie hastened to fetch nuts for Winthrop to husk and open. Blake, who had plucked three leaves from a fan palm near the edge of the jungle, began to split long shreds from one of the huge leaves of a cocconut palm. This gave him a quantity of coarse, stiff fiber, part of which he twisted in a cord and used to tie one of the leaves of the fan palm over her head.

"How's that for a bonnet?" he demanded.

The improvised head-gear bore so grotesque a resemblance to a recent type of picture hat that Winthrop could not repress a derisive laugh. Miss Leslie, however, examined the hat and gave her opinion without a sign of amusement. "I think it is splendid, Mr. Blake. If we must go out in the sun again, it is just the thing to protect one."

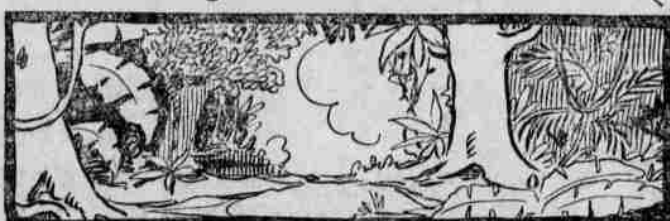
"Yes. Here's two more I've fixed for you. Ready yet, Winthrop?"

The Englishman nodded, and the three sat down to their third feast of cocconuts. They were hungry enough at the start, and Blake added no little keenness even to his own appetite by a grim joke on the slender prospects of the next meal, to the effect that if in the meantime not eaten themselves they might possibly find their next meal within a week.

"But if we must move, could we not take some of the nuts with us?" suggested Winthrop.

Blake pondered over this as he ate, and when fully satisfied he helped himself up with his club he motioned the others to remain seated.

"There are your hats and the strings," he said, "but you won't need them now. I'm going to take a pros-



Stopped to Survey the Coast Beyond.

pect along the river, and while I'm gone, you can make a try at stringing nuts on some of this leaf fiber."

"But, Mr. Blake, do you think it's quite safe?" asked Miss Leslie, and she glanced from him to the jungle.

"Safe?" he repeated. "Well, nothing ate you yesterday, if that's anything to go by. It's all I know about it."

He did not wait for further protests. Swinging his club on his shoulder he started for the break in the jungle which marked the hippopotamus path. The others looked at each other, and Miss Leslie sighed. "If only he were a gentleman!" she complained. Winthrop turned abruptly to the cocconuts.

CHAPTER VII.

Around the Headland.

I was mid morning before Blake reappeared. He came from the mangrove swamp where it ran down into the sea. His trousers were smeared to the thigh with slimy mud; but as he approached the drooping brim of his palm-leaf hat failed to hide his exultant expression.

"Come on!" he called. "I've struck it. We'll be over in half an hour."

"How's that?" asked Winthrop. "Bar," answered Blake, hurrying forward. "Slung on your hats and get into my coat again, Miss Jenny. The sun's hot as yesterday. How about the nuts?"

"Here they are. Three strings; all that I fancied we could carry," explained Winthrop.

"All right. The big one is mine, I suppose. I'll take two. We'll leave the other. Lean on me if your ankle is still weak."

"Thanks; I can make it alone. But must we go through mud like that?"

"Not on this side, at least. Come on! We don't want to miss the ebb." Blake's impatience discouraged further inquiries. He had turned as he spoke, and the others followed him, walking close together. The pace was sharp for Winthrop, and his ankle soon began to twinge. He was compelled to accept Miss Leslie's invitation to take her arm. With her help he managed to keep within a few yards of Blake.

Instead of plunging into the mangrove wood, which here was undergrown with a thicket of giant ferns, Blake skirted around in the open until they came to the seashore. The tide was at its lowest, and he waved his club towards a long sand pit which curved out around the seaward edge of the mangroves. Whether this was part of the river's bar or had been heaped up by the cyclone would have been beyond Winthrop's knowledge had the question occurred to him. It was enough for him that the sand was smooth and hard as a race track.

Presently the party came to the end of the spit, where the river water rippled over the sand with the last

feeble out-suck of the ebb. On their right they had a sweeping view of the river, around the flank of the mangrove screen. Blake halted at the edge of the water and half turned.

"Close up," he said. "It's shallow enough; but do you see those logs over on the mud-bank? Those are alligators."

"Mercy—and you expect me to wade among such creatures?" cried Miss Leslie. "I went almost across an hour ago and they didn't bother me any. Come on! There's a wind in that cloud out seaward. Inside half an hour the surf'll be rolling up on this bar like all Niagara."

"If we must, we must, Miss Genevieve," urged Winthrop. "Step behind me and gather up your skirts. It's best to keep one's clothes dry in the tropics."

The girl blushed, and retained his arm. "I prefer to help you," she replied. "Come on!" called Blake, and he splashed out into the water.

The others followed within arm's length, nervously conscious of the rows of motionless reptiles on the mud-flat, not 100 yards distant. In the center of the bar, where the water was a trifle over knee-deep, some large creature came darting downstream beneath the surface and passed with a violent swirl between Blake and his companions. At Miss Leslie's scream, Blake whirled about and jabbed with his club at the supposed alligator.

"Where's the brute? Has he got you?" he shouted.

"No, no; he went by!" gasped Winthrop. "There he is!"

A long bony snout, fringed on either side by a row of lateral teeth, was flung up into view.

"Sawfish!" said Blake, and he waded on across the bar without further comment.

Miss Leslie had been on the point of fainting. The tone of Blake's voice revived her instantly.

There were no more scares. A few minutes later they waded out upon a stretch of clean sand on the south of the river. Before them the beach lay in a flattened curve, which at the far end hooked sharply to the left and appeared to terminate at the foot of the towering limestone cliffs of the headland. A mile or more inland the river jungle edged in close to the cliffs; but from there to the beach the forest was separated from the wall of rock by a little sandy plain, covered with creeping plants and small palms. The greatest width of the open space was hardly more than a quarter of a mile.

Blake paused for a moment at high-tide mark, and Winthrop instantly squatted down to nurse his ankle. "I say, Blake," he said, "can't you find me some kind of a crutch? It is only a few yards around to those trees."

"Good Lord! you haven't been fool enough to overstrain that ankle—Yes,

you have. Dammit! why couldn't you tell me before?"

"It did not feel so painful in the water."

"I helped the best I could," interposed Miss Leslie. "I think if you could get Mr. Winthrop a crutch—"

"Crutch!" growled Blake. "How long do you think it would take me to wade through the mud? And look at that cloud! We're in for a squall. Here!"

He handed the girl the smaller string of cocconuts, flung the other up the beach and stooped for Winthrop to mount his back. He then started off along the beach at a sharp trot. Miss Leslie followed as best she could, the heavy cocconuts swinging about with every step and bruising her tender body.

The wind was coming faster than Blake had calculated. Before they had run 200 paces they heard the roar of rain-lashed water, and the squall struck them with a force that almost overthrew the girl. With the wind came torrents of rain that drove through their thickest garments and drenched them to the skin within the first half-minute.

Blake slackened his pace to a walk and plodded sullenly along beneath the driving downpour. He kept to the lower edge of the beach, where the sand was firmest, for the force of the falling deluge beat down the waves and held in check the breakers which the wind sought to roll up the beach.

The rain storm was at its height when they reached the foot of the cliffs. The gray rock towered above them 30 or 40 feet high. Blake deposited Winthrop upon a wet ledge and straightened up to scan the headland. Here and there ledges ran more than half-way up the rocky wall; in other places the crest was notched by deep clefts; but nowhere within sight did either offer a continuous path to the summit. Blake grunted with disgust.

"It'd take a fire ladder to get up this side," he said. "We'll have to try the other, if we can get around the point. I'm going on ahead. You can follow, after Pat has rested his ankle. Keep a sharp eye out for anything in the flint line—quartz or agate. That means fire. Another thing, when this rain blows over, don't let your clothes dry on you. I've got my hands full enough without having to nurse you through malaria fever. Don't forget the cocconuts, and if I don't show up by noon save me some."

He stooped to drink from a pool in the rock which was overflowing with the cool, pure rainwater, and started off at his sharpest pace. Winthrop and Miss Leslie, seated side by side in dripping misery, watched him swing away through the rain without energy enough to call out a parting word.

Beneath the cliff the sand beach was succeeded by a talus of rocky debris which in places sloped up from the water 10 or 15 feet. The lower part of the slope consisted of boulders and water-worn stones, over which the surf, reinforced by the rising tide, was beginning to break with an angry roar.

Blake picked his way quickly over the smaller stones near the top of the slope, now and then bending to snatch up a fragment that seemed to differ from the others. Finding nothing but limestone he soon turned his attention solely to the passage around the headland. Here he had expected to find the surf much heavier. But the shore was protected by a double line of reefs, so close in that channel between did not show a whitecap. This was fortunate, since in places the talus here sank down almost to the level of low tide. Even a moderate surf would have rendered farther progress impracticable.

Another 100 paces brought Blake to the second corner of the cliff, which jutted out in a little point. He clambered around it and stopped to survey the coast beyond. Within the last few minutes the squall had blown over and the rain began to moderate its downpour. The sun, bursting through the clouds, told that the storm was almost past, and its flood of direct light cleared the view.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Canal That Russia Needs.

Russia's ministry of ways and communications has appointed a board of engineers to make preliminary surveys for the long-projected canal to connect the Baltic with the Black sea. The canal, in the making of which several rivers will be turned to account, will have its northern end at Riga on the Gulf of Riga, 309 miles southwest of St. Petersburg, while the southern end will be Kherson, on the right bank of the Dnieper, and 92 miles east-northeast of Odessa. When this project is completed Russia may move her own ships to and from the Black sea without asking permission.

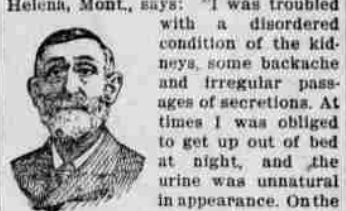
A Little Learning.

Earnest Female—Professor, I hear you are a great ornithologist. Professor—I am an ornithologist, madam. Earnest Female—Then could you kindly tell me the botanical name for a whale?

A GREAT ANNOYANCE.

Kidney Disease Shows Many Painful and Unpleasant Symptoms.

George S. Crowell, 1109 Broadway, Helena, Mont., says: "I was troubled with a disordered condition of the kidneys, some backache and irregular passages of secretions. At times I was obliged to get up out of bed at night, and the urine was unnatural in appearance. On the advice of a friend I procured Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. This remedy helped me at once, strengthened my kidneys and corrected the disordered condition."



Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

OLDEST LAND IN THE WORLD

According to Scientists Our Earth Had Its Origin in the Laurentian Highlands.

Stretching across Canada, north of the St. Lawrence, and ending in the regions about the source of the Mississippi, is a range of low granite hills called the Laurentian highlands. These hills are really mountains that are almost worn out, for they are the oldest land in America, and, according to Agassiz, the oldest in the world. In the days when there was nothing but water on the face of the globe, these mountains came up—a long island of primitive rock with universal ocean chafing against its shores. None of the other continents had put in their appearance at the time America was thus looking up. The United States began to come to light by the gradual uplifting of this land to the north and the appearance of the tops of the Alleghenies which were next in order. Later the Rockies started up. The United States grew southward from Wisconsin and westward from the Blue Ridge. An early view of the country would have showed a large island which is now northern Wisconsin, and a long thin tongue of this primitive rock sticking down from Canada into Minnesota, and these two growing states looking out over the waters at the mere beginnings of mountain ranges east and west. They were waiting for the rest of the United States to appear—The Atlantic.

They Didn't Have to Change.

During the years in which our pure food laws have been put into effect there has been a great hurrying and scurrying on the part of the food manufacturers to change their methods to make them conform to the law.

The Quaker Oats Company is a conspicuous exception. It was admitted that Quaker Scotch Oats was as pure and clean as possible and that it was an ideal food.

It is so cheap that any one can afford it and so nourishing that every-

one needs it. The result of last year's experiments at Yale and other points where food values were tested is that Quaker Scotch Oats has been adopted by many persons as their food on which they rely for adding vigor and endurance of muscle and brain.

The Quaker Oats Company meets all demands in the way it packs Quaker Scotch Oats; regular size packages and the large size family package; the latter, both with and without china.

As St. Louis Lawyers Talk.

Circuit Judge Reynolds had announced that he would hear jurors who had excuses to offer for not serving, and a dozen American citizens crowded up to the bench to tell their troubles. Their excuses were as varied as those who were bidden to the feast that the Bible tells about. One had an important engagement and another could not hear very well, and another had sickness in his family, and another had duties to perform which nobody else on earth could perform, and another was going on a journey. And so it went.

The last man in the line wanted to be let off because he was a German. He might have been excused if he had not presented his excuse wrong end forward.

"Judge," he said, "I can't understand good English."

"Oh, you'll do all right," said the judge. "There is no good English spoken in here."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Snake Story.

"Before he went fishing," said the town story-teller, he swallowed 'bout a pint an' half of snakebite remedy, an' of course you know what that is? Well, after the snake bit him, the remedy cut all sorts o' capers, kaze the reptile went straight to its head. Last thing it tried to do wuz to swallow its tail, an' it got itself in the form of a hoop, an' I'm a liar ef the children didn't roll it around all day!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Old Poets Knew of Automobile.

"The old poets knew about the automobile." "How, now?" "Macaulay speaks of Lars Porsena and his ivory car."

Identified.

Police Sergeant—Can you give me a description of the person who ran over you?"

"Oh can that. He had on a fur coat an' an automobile cap an' goggles."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, very pleasant. May be taken as candy.

No man can pray right while he lives wrong.

In Pittsburgh.

The City Editor—Here's a mighty good story about a young fellow who runs away with a chorus girl.

The Night Editor—What's that? A good story? Why, it's been done to death.

The City Editor—This one hasn't.

It's an absolute novelty. The young fellow is neither a millionaire nor a Pittsburgher.

"What would be a good name for my flying machine?" "Why not call it 'The Cost of Living'?"—Houston Post.

Followed Directions.

Two street urchins were having a controversy over a spotted pup. "Gimme my dog," said the tall one angrily, doubling up his fist.

"Give yer dog!" retorted the other one sarcastically. "Why yer can whistle for it."

"Can, eh? Well, that's just what I'm going to do. Come on, pup." And the next moment the tall boy and the dog were vanishing around the corner.

Too Suggestive.

"My poor man," said the kind housewife, as she handed out a cut of prune pie, "how did you come to fall if you owned a condensed milk factory?"

"Ah, ma'am," responded the tall tramp, "it was de fault of me partner. He called de milk de 'Globe' brand and we went up."

"And the name ruined it?" "Yes, ma'am; you see de globe is two-thirds water."

Possible Explanation.

Hixon—"My tailor has sent me two bills for one suit of clothes."

Dixon—"How do you account for it?"

Hixon—"He evidently uses the double-entry system of bookkeeping."

The Perils of Propinquity.

"How did that freight boat of yours pay this season?"

"Not very well. Still, her record in one way was highly satisfactory."

What was that?

"Out of the total number of guests carried in her cabins during the summer, twenty-six became engaged, and there have been seven marriages."

"An aviator cannot boast of his family."

Why not?

"Because in his profession there is no cause for boasting of descent."—Baltimore American.

The October Century.

The most timely feature of the October Century is the Clermont chapter of "Fulton's Invention of the Steamboat," written by the inventor's great-granddaughter, Mrs. Alice Cray Sutcliffe. This second of two valuable historical articles is devoted to the Clermont's making, launching and history; and the narrative includes many of Fulton's own letters and manuscripts, now published for the first time, in addition to autographic plans for the Clermont, recently discovered. Other timely articles of the number include Mr. A. Barton Hepburn's discussion of the question: "Is a Central Bank Desirable?" contracting the rigidity of the United States currency with the flexibility of the currency of other nations; also two articles on the growing use of the "finger-print" system of identification in governmental and business circles. Charles B. Brewer tells of their use in the United States navy and elsewhere; and Jay Hambridge has much of interest to say on the remarkably successful use by the New York police of this new method of identifying criminals.

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